THE TATLER

JUNE, 1921

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VOL. III JUNE, 1921 NO. 5

The June Bug Says—

MANY a girl who seems distant is only a stone's throw away, if it be a precious stone.

Owing to the success of "Lightnin'" we believe it was Frank Bacon and not Lord Bacon who wrote all of Shakespeare's stuff.

After a wife has had the last word, she's just dying to know what her husband is thinking.

It is all right to know a good thing when you see it, but you should know enough to let it alone if it doesn't belong to you.

If there is one person we hate more than the chap who is always borrowing, it is the chap who never lends.

They say married men should wear wedding rings, but they can slip them off when in a crowd as easily as their wives do.

The hip disease commonly known as hooch, seems to be growing along Broadway.

Consistency may be a jewel, but few women are wearing them these days.

When you walk down the aisle to the altar the music is back of you, but as soon as you are married you have to turn about and face it.

The pretty women get all the praise, the clever women get all the husbands.

A man is as old as he feels, a woman is older than she says she is.

Many a clinging vine marries what she believes to be a sturdy oak, and then has to take in washing to support him.

THE TATLER

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Modern Divorce

MODERN divorce is dedicated to the idea that two can live more peaceably than one.

Sometimes very trivial things will lead to divorce. As for instance, the discovery that one's wedding ring has left a green mark on one's finger.

Or the discovery that one's husband is carrying a key to too many apartments.

For love may laugh at locksmiths—but not at latchkeys.

Lawyers are at the bottom of most divorces.

The strange thing about it is that, although they're at the bottom, they always come out on top.

When lawyers come in at the door, love flies out at the window.

Reno used to be the name of a town; now it's a condition.

If it weren't for Reno, a great many people would never know that Nevada was in the United States.

When it comes to separation, the most serious problem in connection with modern divorce is who's to have the custody of the roadster.

A great many of the details in connection with divorce can be settled by a conference of the attorneys.

And anything the attorneys can't settle, they grab.

As a rule, it winds up with both the principals with nothing to live for—and very little to live with.

A divorced woman is more mysterious than a divorced man. She has to be.

Getting a divorce no longer results in social hardships. It's now possible to meet your divorced husband or your divorced wife in a social way without embarrassment.

Merely as a matter of politeness, however, one shouldn't remark: "So pleased to have met you!"

HER BIRTHDAY

THE first two or three meant nothing in her young life.

Then she began to observe them.

Then she began to celebrate them.

Then she not only celebrated them, but advertised them.

Then she decided it would be wiser just to observe them.

Then she began to wish she hadn't observed them.

Then she ignored them.

And finally she denied them.

—However, there were always a few kind friends to remind her of them, and to keep the score for her.

THE ANSWER

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?
—warbled the poet.

Well, for example:

A man who knows everything there is to know about women.

Or a woman who believes everything her husband tells her.

Or a chorus girl who thinks of expense when someone else is paying the bill.

Or a stenographer who is as much interested in English grammar as she is in French heels.

Or a church deacon who wouldn't like to slip off to New York without his wife.

Or a church deacon's wife who would be perfectly willing for him to do it.



Betty Blythe in "The Queen of Sheba"

Recent Additions

OUR circulating library reports the addition of a number of new volumes. Among those which have been placed in the sextional bookcases are following:

"No Indian to Guide Her."

"From Self-Defense to Self-Assertion; or, Freed by the Jury, but Sentenced to the Movies."

"To Sue, or to be Siouxed."

"Getting into Society and Getting on the Front Page."

"A Modern Eliza; or, Thin Ice and How to Skate on It."

The Divorce Is the Thing

By ROY K. MOULTON

IN the olden days, when it was considered more or less of a misfortune, if not a disgrace, to be divorced, the divorce cases were tried in court.

Nowadays they are tried in the newspapers. That is to say, the newspapers try them, and have them all sewed up and bound round with a woolen string before the courts get a crack at them. When a couple want to hold a divorce jamboree and do not attract the attention of the newspapers before Old Judge Eyeglasses gets hold of it, they are out of luck.

When Erasmus J. Jazbo, the multi-millionaire, and Mrs. Jazbo decide to move their twin beds into different houses and enjoy a few years of peace, the usual procedure is for the plaintiff, who is in this case Mr. Jazbo, to strike the first blow with a first-page story a column long containing a picture of the pet Airedale belonging to the Jazbo family or of the town car driven by Mrs. Jazbo.

The defendant comes back promptly with a cross bill which jars the old man on the point of the jaw, and, as she is a good-looking young thing, she gets two columns on the first page, with a three-column picture of herself in one-piece bathing suit at Palm Beach.

Plaintiff, still spiteful, counters neatly with a half page, with seven picture layout showing the lodge on the Jazbo's country estate, the family cat, the French-Indian guide, the Elks' head in the living room, the coffee percolator, the phonograph, some pancakes made by Mrs. Jazbo, and the pine tree in front of the house.

This is a heavy attack, but the defendant, a courageous little woman, comes back strong with a seven-picture group showing all her lawyers, a picture of her husband in his pajamas—and whisper; she mentions a co-respondent.

Zowie! Then the real fight begins.

As soon as the co-respondent is mentioned she jumps into the battle like a whole mess of wild cats. If she is a show girl—and she is—she strikes her first blow with a whole page of pictures showing her in every gown she owns and out of every gown she doesn't own, and then the public begins to sit up and take notice. Up to this time it has been rather a flabby affair without much pep.

Defendant puts a little more spuz into her work and leads with a picture of Old Man Jazbo in a bathing suit, sitting on the edge of the deck of his yacht dipping his feet in the water and with the fair co-respondent seated at his side. Then the audience begins to scream like a six-day bicycle race.

All three interested parties begin shooting pictures wide and reckless. The plaintiff shows a picture of Mrs. Jazbo traveling through the woods with an Indian guide; Mrs. Jazbo replies with a picture of the old man taking a dip at Long Beach accompanied by the co-respondent, and the co-respondent makes a grand spurt with 19 new photographs of herself, taken since the divorce case was started.

Then by the time the courts finally get ready to try the case, the public has forgotten all about it and refuses to read the court proceedings, which is the saddest part of it all.

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

By THE TATLER

A TALL young ex-actor, who is the husband of a first magnitude star, is in danger of losing his job. She has grown tired of supporting him.

"I have had heavy burdens all my life," she says. "One member of my family after the other has had to be launched or tided over. I don't want to carry any more such burdens. Unless you go to work you will have to get out."

Thus far he hasn't gone to work. Unless he chooses to look upon helping her in and out of the cab and getting in the way of more efficient members of her staff, as working. He seems to be pondering upon her ultimatum. She was a bachelor girl when she married him. She is still able to direct her own affairs. She is characterized by force and decision. It would seem that the young man's more than ten years of luxurious idleness are over.

A WELL known young illustrator has got her newspaper husband a job in the organizations which she serves. It would appear to be a pleasant arrangement. But there is an unhappy precedent. When she came from the West she secured such a post on the same paper for her fiance. She and the fiance quarrelled. Learning that his presence was no longer necessary to her happiness, in fact that it affected her quite otherwise, the paper "bounced" him.

A HEROINE of Broadway spoke from her sick bed. A soiled heroine, we must call her if we tell the truth. But visitors to her bedside say that out of the murk of her past and present is arising a fine new understanding of life.

She had been a hawk with the aspect of a dove. A little creature gently fashioned, yet with a swoop and beak and claws that drew blood. She brought far more sorrow than joy to her associates. She said bitter things that sprung from bitter thoughts. She sailed under the black flag.

And yet there is a reason for her ferocious attitude toward life. Little more than ten years ago she bloomed a bud of beauty on bleak soil. She and her mother and grandmother lived in a poor lodging house on the West Side not far from Hell's Kitchen. The mother deliberately sold the girl into captivity. A wealthy Philadelphian coveted the child. Her mother accepted a check from him and sent the girl for a visit to him in the Pennsylvania City.

The girl never forgave her mother for the hideous avarice and duplicity. Neighbors in the poor lodging house heard loud quarrels between them. Once a call was sent to the police station. The girl after fierce upbraiding had developed a furious strength. She knocked her mother down. To invading neighbors she defended her act.

"Yes," she said, "I hit her. She deserved it. She told me that she sold me to a beast and tried to defend her act."

With such a start at fifteen the humanities may not be expected to flourish in her breast. It was to be expected that she should be a hard little green apple with a bitter taste.

But sickness has softened, affliction has mellowed her. And since it is expected that she will recover, predictions are made that it is a new mime who will come forth wan and thin, but wider eyed from the sanitorium where she is winning her battle with death.

IT has come again, the divorce we may always expect from those who mate across a chasm of years. Abraham J. Levy, part owner of the Eltinge Theatre, turfman and Broadwayite, is no longer a benedict. About twelve years ago he wedded Lillian Albertson, one of the most beautiful and promising leading women then on the stage. Miss Albertson's semi-retirement followed. Occasionally she has been seen on the stage since her marriage. She appeared in "Moloch," in "The Talker" and "The Crowded Hour." For the most part she has given her time and thoughts to her home. The home for several years has been in the country near Ossining. They have one child, a boy of ten years. The courts gave Mrs. Levy the custody of their son.

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page* 5)

OLD Rialtoites have started an echo from the past reverberating down the street of theatres. The burden of it is that in her barnstorming days Mrs. Fiske was managed by Legrande White. Mr. White was the drummer in the orchestra of Augustine Daly's Theatre. He was a man of taste and scholarship. He had faith in the future of the piquant faced young woman, with the unusually live eyes, and the staccato speech. He arranged several of her tours. He was, according to the Rialto gossips, her manager at the time she played " Caprice " in which Henry Miller was her leading man. The gossips further aver that Miss Maddern became Mrs. Legrande White, that she was a widow when she married Harrison Grey Fiske.

Not that it matters much. Just why the gossips are reviving the ancient story does not appear. Mr. White has been dead for many years.

I never saw a chorus girl's husband, who looked as though he was having a good time in life.

THEY do say that Irene Castle is litigious. Sueing amiable Charles Dillingham. Sueing subtle Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Sueing Charles Cochrane. All for breach of contract.

" Can't Irene get enough money? " asked one attorney impatiently. " She kept all she earned while she was dancing. That was a lot. And I am told she has married the richest man in the Ithaca country. He owns everything for miles around the town. Some say he's got a mortgage on Cornell. But litigation makes holes in any bank account. She'd better have an operation performed upon her litigation bump."

The old street is talking about letters which Vernon Castle is said to be writing from the spirit world to friends and relatives on this plane. It is significant that Mrs. Robert Treman has received none of these. Indeed, some of the letters purport to give the reasons why he has not written to her. And now we wonder whether Mrs. Castle Treman will sue THE TATLER.

AND now 'tis rumored that a young star has already wearied of her long secret marriage. Or else that the bonds sit lightly upon her graceful shoulders. She teas and lunches and dines with adoring beaux with the same avidity and publicity as she did before her long concealed marriage. Of course husband is busy, in that most grinding of occupations, the daily newspaper. And he may be unwilling to keep his fair young wife imprisoned while he is at the office. Nevertheless, people will indulge in that most fascinating of indoor or outdoor sports, talk.

I see the reformers say they are not going to try for a Puritanical Sunday. So we're not going blue-y, after all.

SOMEONE ought to write a book on Ethics of Divorce. For instance, should a man try to retain the friends which he and his wife had in common? A freshly divorced actor cast a bomb into the staid Professional Woman's League by appearing at its recent ball. Of course he had a right to pay for his ticket and come to the ball. It was a public affair, for the benefit of the League's benevolent fund.

Yet his wife's friends said: " Hasn't he the nerve? " They gave him the chilly stare and the high hand shake. He departed early. His wife was not present for she was on tour. But she is so prominent and efficient in the League that her fellow club members, to use a euphemism, didn't like it.

Did the man do wrong or did he not?

A sentimentalist said he may have been moved to attend in the hope of seeing his ex-spouse. And by the hope that seeing her he might again conquer. In the history of hearts there have been Reweds. The wedding march has been played twice, even three times for the same couple. Recall the story of Arnold Daly and the now Mrs. Frank Craven, who was Mary Blythe before her vows and repeated vows made with Arnold Daly at the marriage altar.

Still the question is, what is ethical? Won't someone write a book on The Etiquette of Divorce?

A scientist has kept the heart of a chicken beating one year after the chicken's death—a regular, not a Broadway chicken. The latter, it is said, have no hearts.

(*Continued on page* 8)

Elizabeth Hines in "The O'Brien Girl"



Edward Thayer Munroe

(*Continued from page* 6)

PEGGY HOPKINS' plight, the game "Husband, Husband, Who Has my Husband?" reminds the Rialtoites, who remember, of her tender words spoken two and a half short years agone.

Peggy is a woman of impulse. Although she had wearied of her husband, Sherburne Hopkins, and set in operation the wheels of the law to free herself from him, she melted at the news that he was in a camp in Texas, where he was training as a rookie for the battlefields of France. A letter from him bearing the news that he didn't in the least care what became of him melted her further. She resolved to go to the camp in Texas and visit him. She announced that the man who is noble enough to risk his life on the battlefield should be hampered by no domestic discords. She would pay him a visit and end the silly old divorce. Maybe he would come back a general or a major. And when he came back she would be a great star, and all might end happily and permanently as in the beginning of her second marriage they had both wished.



Old Masters Studio

Peggy Hopkins in her $10,000 ermine coat which her husband hid or sold. It was in storage and Peggy sent her hubby to get it. He got it and, apparently, chose to realize on it, for Peggy never got it or any information about it

Just where and when entered James Stanley Joyce is a question which will have to be answered in the courts. Perhaps about the time this appears print clad. For Mr. Joyce asserted that the marriage was hastened at his wish or rather at his pretty bride-to-be's wish after she had learned that he measured his wealth in seven figures.

Pretty Peggy doesn't look mercenary. But clothes are dreadfully expensive just now, you know. And her type is one that requires magnificent setting. She is a girl born for orchids and gardenias. She made her stage debut at the Palace Theatre in a Lucille fashion show.

Peggy has, in her brief career, married three millionares. Most girls would be satisfied with one. But Peggy wasn't selfish about it. She released them all for further circulation. Wonder who'll be the next millionare to volunteer. Line forms on the right.

Heaven will protect the working girl, but whoinell is going to entertain her?

SOME say quite boldly that Torrie, the heroine of that new novel of Broadway, The Wine of Life, was inspired by Jobyna Howland. The book was written by her ex-husband, Arthur Stringer, to whom she still alludes as "My husband."

"I was walking down Fifth Avenue this morning with my husband," she says, before a performance of "The Gold Diggers," in which she is playing the altitudinous show girl, who "must soon marry or something."

"I thought he was another woman's husband," says another gold digger.

"Shut up!" she answers.

(*Continued on page* 10)

Graceful Curves and Angles



Maria Gambarelli, at the Capital



Dolorez Mendez in the Winter Garden

Ira D. Schwartz



Rose Rolanda, Grecian Dancer

Nicholas Muray

(*Continued from page 8*)

It is no secret on The Street That Knows, that after her separation from her author husband, she was the object of the late Andrew Friedman's attentions. She has said to many persons and on divers occasions, that she was engaged to Mr. Friedman but that the marriage was postponed because of his mother's objection, based upon difference of race and religion. Miss Howland has also told many confidantes and others that Mr. Friedman had told her that he had provided for her future in case he, to use the legal phrase, "predeceased her."

Within a week of his death she appeared with lawyer at the bank where the late Broadway "angel" had kept his private papers. She demanded an envelope addressed to "Jobyna Howland." The bulky envelope awaited her. It contained bonds worth $150,000.

It is to be regretted that, armed with them, she went into Wall Street. The Street left her in the shorn condition of all Lambs who venture within its highly specialized and subtly expert precincts. That she ventured into Wall Street is the more to be regretted because a fraction of that sum would materially promote her aspirations to stardom.

The banker's lady and Mrs. O'Chorus are sisters under the skin.

SOME of the American screen stars are great favorites with the movie fans of France—but not all of them. One in particular, who ranks among the highest paid artists in the world, is so unpopular with the French people that the exhibitors do not care to handle her pictures. They realize that, if they did, they would incur the ill-will of their patrons. The reason? Well—this star, who is adored by the multitudes in America, is generally understood to have been at one time a favorite of the crown prince of Germany. Consequently, her welcome in France is not a very warm one.

LIFE'S CHANGING AMBITIONS

AT four—To wear pants.
At eight—To miss Sunday school.
At twelve—To be president.
At fourteen—To wear long pants.
At eighteen—To have monogrammed cigarettes.
At twenty—To take a show girl out to supper.
At twenty-five—To have the price of a supper.
At thirty-five—To eat supper.
At forty-five—To digest supper.

ONE way to announce your engagement is to lose your engagement ring. This is what Rosamond Whiteside, daughter of Walker Whiteside, did recently while on tour in "Erminie." No one in the company knew that Miss Whiteside was engaged until they suddenly discovered her in tears over the loss of the ring. It was quite a problem which to extend first—best wishes or sympathy.

A TENOR made his debut in New York recently, assisted by one hundred Scotch bagpipers. Must have been about the same thing as saying that a man was drowned, assisted by the Atlantic Ocean, or something like that.

Geraldine Farrar had better look to her laurels—not to mention her "Zaza." Mrs. Leslie-Carter, according to a tip from Paris, is planning to put on the war-paint and the grease-paint again next fall and reappear in America. Mrs. Carter did her zazaing quite a few seasons ago, but she is reported to be still in excellent trim for the stage, and after six years of retirement the footlights are to see her again. The well-known Mr. Belasco is reported to have a hand in her coming début.

Nijinski, who knew more about leaps and jumps in a minute than Lenine and Trotzky will learn in a year, has finished his career, according to word from abroad. He is suffering from paralysis and from a mental derangement. This is what comes of living at too intense a pace. Nijinski, whose dance of the faun gave New York such a lovely emotional thrill, admitted that his art required too much of his strength. "Why don't you rest?" he was asked. "That is impossible," said the dancer. "To rest would be to lose the ability to dance as I do. Once get out of training and my limbs would never resume their buoyancy." Nijinski piled up a fortune in a few years time, but now he is almost penniless.



Mollie and Ollie, two Dresden China Broadway bits. Mollie King in "Blue Eyes", and Olive Osborne in the Ziegfeld Frolic

Alfred Cheney Johnston

White Studio

(*Continued from page* 8)

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Hazel Dawn Showing a Beautiful Arm, etc.



White Studio

Charlotte Fairchild

Calendar for June

Wed. 1—Ziegfeld got some new ideas from the bathing suits at Palm Beach, but had to cut them out of the Follies because they were too extreme.

Thu. 2—Owing to a shortage of shredded wheat, 1920, musical shows in Hawaii were more or less clothed.

Fri. 3—Someone started a new play at matinees in the Greenwich Village Theatre, and it actually had a run, 1919.

Sat. 4—Vaudeville performers were forbidden to fall into the orchestra, 1931, and four thousand acts were cancelled, because they didn't have a laugh left.

Sun. 5—Producers began to try out shows at Sing Sing, 1926, having found the audiences less hardened than on Broadway.

Mon. 6—An English monologist retired from the stage, 1933, owing to his inability to get the point of his own jokes.

Tue. 7—No previously married actress married again, and no previously divorced actress divorced again, 1901. This establishes a world's record.

Wed. 8—A deacon from upstate came to New York, 1915, and was shocked to find the Winter Garden open in the summer.

Thu. 9—Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna" picture having made over $900,000, no wonder she's glad—glad—glad!

Fri. 10—Houdini formed his own film corporation, 1921, which indicates that he's not going to be able to escape from the movies as easily as from a strong box.

Sat. 11.—Practically all the risque lines having been removed from burlesque, 1937, practically all the burlesque patrons have followed suit.

Sun. 12—Leo Ditrichstein retired, 1950, and left the American stage without a middle-aged roue.

Mon. 13—Al Woods was called in conference by the blue law reformers, 1922. They invited him to serve as chairman of their lingerie committee.

Tue. 14—The nightingales and larks, at a joint meeting, 1922, threatened to retire from the country if the song writers don't give them a rest.

Wed. 15—A census of the sister acts in vaudeville, 1931, showed 500 sister acts, and only two sisters.

Thu. 16—Charlie Chaplin, having decided to be serious in "The Kid," 1921, decided to be tragic in "Hamlet," 1922.

Fri. 17—This is a red letter day for June brides—last year's. They are getting their divorces.

Sat. 18—Belasco tried out his gongs, 1912, and his clerical collar, 1900.

Sun. 19—All actors "resting" on Broadway were forbidden to talk about themselves, 1930, and you could walk four blocks without hearing a sound.

Mon. 20—No one pockets his pride any more, because everybody uses his pocket for another purpose.

Tue. 21—Watching the fashionably dressed dames as they parade down the aisle is just one double chin after another.

Wed. 22—A benefit fund for Swiss yodelers was established, 1944. The yodelers were to get the fund, and the audiences the benefit.

Thu. 23—Frances White wore a pompadour, 1909, and Eva Tanguay a skirt, 1911.

Fri. 24—A 1920 vaudeville act was expanded into a 1921 show, and a 1921 show was deflated into a 1922 vaudeville act.

Sat. 25—An actress revealed her true age for the first time in her life, 1916. It was chiseled on her tombstone.

Sun. 26—Charles Ruggles invented the classic line in "Ladies' Night": "Every man for himself from now on."

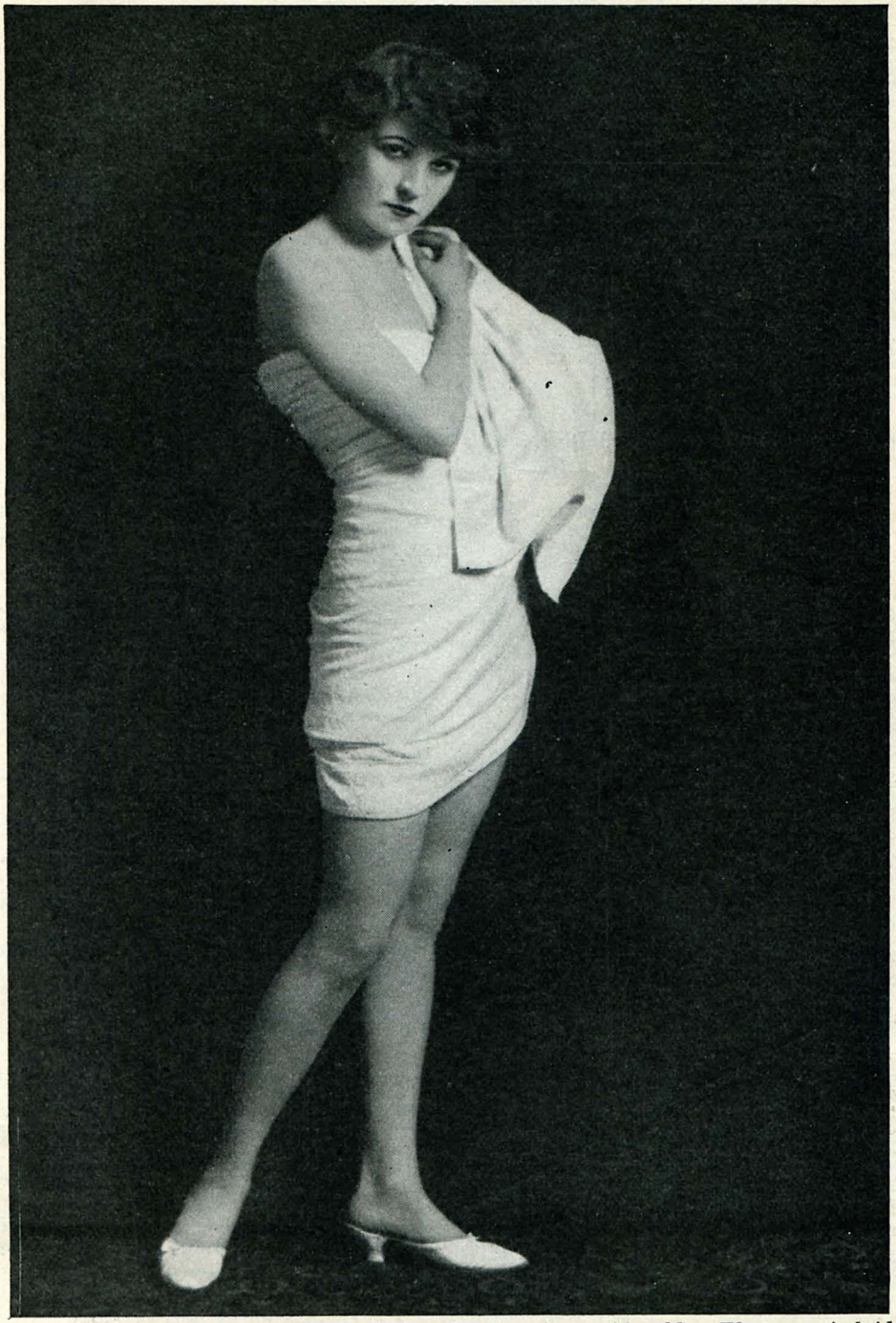
Mon 27—D. W. Griffith announced that a Gish tear would be given away at every matinee of "Way Down East," 1922.

Tue. 28—Society matinees at six A. M. were introduced in New York, 1925. They were largely attended by people on their way home from balls.

Wed. 29—A taxi-driver, taking a correspondence course in careful driving, ran down five people while glancing over Lesson One.

Thu. 30—A girl was mentioned in connection with a divorce action who had never been in a Century Roof show, 1955.

Kay Laurel in "Ladies' Night"



The costume doesn't amount to much, but the show is considerable. The scene is laid in a Turkish bath, with costumes cut on Grecian lines from Turkish towels

Your Liquor Or Your Life!

By Lisle Bell

SCENE.—The luxurious apartments (bachelor) of Sylvester Van Twiller, just off Fifth Avenue in the super-Sixties. The furnishings are in keeping with the taste of a rich, but otherwise idle, man about town. There are several pictures on the wall, disclosing the owner's interest in the female form divine. On the reading table, a few recent numbers of a reliable scandal weekly. Several inlaid cigarette boxes conveniently placed. Easy chairs; easy come; easy go.

TIME.—Late afternoon; the cocktail hour.

Sylvester Van Twiller, who is called Van by everybody except his valet, enters, followed by his valet. He hands his hat and cane to the valet, whose name is probably Hawkins, but leaves on his spats.

VAN

(*Dropping into the nearest chair the easiest way.*)

Any callers, Hawkins?

HAWKINS

(*Trying to decide whether he'd look well in the hat.*)

No callers, sir.

VAN

(*Sniffing.*)

I thought I detected Mary Garden.

HAWKINS

She ain't been in, sir.

VAN

I'm expecting someone in a very few minutes.

HAWKINS

(*Brightening.*)

A lady, sir?

VAN

I'm not certain. I can tell better after she's been here a little while. You'd better bring up a bottle of my best bourbon from the wine cellar.

HAWKINS

(*Sadly.*)

The best bourbon is all gone, sir. And so is the second best bourbon.

VAN

Why, it's incredible! Well, some of the best Scotch, then.

HAWKINS

Very sorry, sir, but the best Scotch is depleted, if you'll pardon me for saying so.

VAN

The deuce you say! I can't understand what's become of all my private stock. Bring up some of the second best Scotch, and if that's gone, some of the twenty-year rye.

HAWKINS

It pains me to report, sir, that both are quite nil.

VAN

I wish you wouldn't use such good English, Hawkins. It's bad enough to have my liquor running so low, without your language running so high. Now, what in the dickens is left down there, I'd like to know? Any gin? Any vermouth? Any rum? Any burgundy?

HAWKINS

(*Shaking his head.*)

None of those, sir. Only a few bottles of red ink and some cooking sherry. And —oh, yes, a half case of bootlegger rye.

VAN

There's something strange about this, Hawkins. Well, bring up a bottle of the rye. I must serve something.

(*The doorbell rings.*)

There's my guest. Show her in.

(*Hawkins admits an apparently perfect lady, modestly dressed and discreetly rouged. She carries a silver vanity case.*)

Awfully good of you to come, my dear. I've just made a shocking discovery, however. I'm quite unstrung. Do have a chair. Hawkins is bringing something to buck us up. You must join me—such as it is.

(*Hawkins re-enters with a bottle, and fills two glasses. Hawkins exits hurriedly.*)

SHE

(*Taking up her glass.*)

Well, happy days!

(*They drink. It's pretty poor stuff; even the audience can see that. She makes a face, sets down her glass, and reaches for her vanity case.*)

If that's the best you can do, my dear fellow, you'd better share mine!

(*She unscrews her vanity case, and pours a good stiff drink from it. Then she pours one for herself.*)

VAN

(*Smacking his lips over it.*)

I say—that's the best stuff I've tasted

(*Continued on page* 18)

Two Broadway Attractions



Betty Williams in "Sally"

Old Masters Studio

Bobby Reed in "Love Birds"

Send in Your Exhibits

By Arthur Paul

SOME time during the early fall THE TATLER plans to hold an art exhibition along original lines. We are not exactly certain where it will be staged, although we believe the Aquarium would be a nice place if it weren't for the fish.

Possibly we will be unable to come to terms with the present occupants of the Aquarium, however. They may not be inclined to go out and take the air and turn the building over to us. Art for art's sake is a noble thought, but you can't expect any poor fish to see it.

As a second choice, we are considering one of the shooting galleries down at Coney Island. We thought of putting up the exhibition there and inviting the general public to come and bring their rifles. The idea of shooting up some of this modern art rather appeals to us, and we are certain it would to the public.

Of course, we might arm the artists themselves and let them shoot up one another's canvases, but from what we have seen of their work, we are afraid to trust their marksmanship. They have trouble enough hitting an eight-by-ten canvas with a tube of paint; what could they do with a rifle?

Enough has been suggested, however, to indicate that THE TATLER'S proposed show ought to be a huge success. Although this is the first public announcement of it, we have dropped a few hints among our artist friends, and already the entries are beginning to pour in.

These entries, like all art work, have their little peculiarities. For example, the artists still have their usual difficulty in putting an intelligent title to their masterpieces.

We don't wish to appear critical, however. We thoroughly believe in art, and we are glad that the artists are coming across so generously. Already we have the following entries:

"PORTRAIT OF A STRAWBERRY"—Water color by Atta Easel. The execution is tame, but the strawberry looks a little wild.

"SWISS ADMIRAL AT ANCHOR"—Portrait in oils by Neuf Chateau. An excellent likeness of the admiral, although the anchor appears somewhat self-conscious.

"NUDE TRANSCENDING STARES"—Life study by Double Dare. A cubist work, but with the cube not quite extracted.

"JOHN THE BAPTIST"—A portrait, done in oils, of the founder of the Standard Oil Co., executed by Kero Seen, the Japanese impressionist.

"NUDE DESCENDING BANISTER"—A daring piece of work on the part of the artist, but even more daring on the part of the nude.

"DUST TO ASHES"—One of Rady Atter's best indoor studies, showing a furnace asleep at dawn.

"DESTINY"—Strikingly conceived study of a man and a girl in a hammock, although there doesn't appear to be room for destiny.

"A DAY IN OCTOBER"—One of Chilled Hassem's metropolitan paintings, showing a line of moving vans on West End Avenue.

(*Continued from page* 16)

in a long while. Do you know where I can get hold of some of it?

SHE

No, I don't—exactly. You see, the supply is about exhausted. The last time I bought a case from your valet, he said your cellar was almost empty!

VAN

(*Dropping his glass.*)

So that's where all my good liquor has been going, is it? The low-down crook has been peddling it. I'll fix that scoundrel!

(*He rings a bell, and a maid appears.*)

Yes, sir?

VAN

Where's Hawkins? Send him in.

MAID

Why, Hawkins just started for Europe, sir.

VAN

For Europe?

MAID

Yes, sir. He's had passage engaged for some time, sir. He told me he was going to drop down to Monte Carlo first, and spend the winter on the Riviera. I asked him, sir, how he could afford it, and he said something about "liquid assets." Is there anything else, sir?

VAN

No, that's all there is; there isn't any more! *CURTAIN*

"Here's Looking At You"



Virginia Pearson, a Favorite with Flicker Fans

White Studio

Gladys Walton in "The Midnight Rounders"

The "Village"

BOHEMIA,
Hobemia,
Oh, Nutville by the Sub.
Where the hair grows short
And the hair grows long
And they drink
Red Ink
With a knowing wink,
And sing the ribald song.
Bohemia,
Hobemia,
Where midnight cafés grow,
And they catch the boobs
And the visiting rubes
Who see the sights
Of the Village nights
And think they're
In the know.
Bohemia,
Hobemia,
Has Volstead heard of that?
Of the "Purple Pig"
And the "Yellow Hen"
Where they serve spaghet
To girls and men?
Oh, horrors!
What a bat!

Bohemia,
Hobemia,
The wickedest place in town.
Where they dance the jazz
Without regret
And actually smoke
The cigarette.
Oh, pull the
Curtain down.
Bohemia,
Hobemia,
How can it act that way?
With pagan stunts
And dancing elf,
It is so tough,
It's afraid of itself—
Oh, save the
Innocent jay.
Bohemia,
BUNK-emia,
How long can you go on,
And string the
Punxutawny yaps
And jazz the hicks
And boobs and saps
And peddle out
The con?

—De Vaux Thompson.

"HELLO, HAVANA!"

RECENTLY, telephonic communication between the United States and Havana has been established.

"Hello, Havana! Is that you, Havana! Listen, bo, you're on a busy wire. Hello, Havana! Get off the wire, New Orleans, this is an important call. Hello! Hello! How many wrong numbers do I have to get? Are you all out of wrong numbers? Good, give me Havana. I want Sunnybrook, 6574. Out to lunch? All right, Give me Green River, 7832. That exchange is busy? Very well, I'll take Pebbleford, 2222."

"Sorry, Pebbleford is busy, but I can give you Old Taylor."

"All right. Any number will do but make it snappy."

Already the telephone business between The States and Havana has assumed gigantic proportions, according to report. Some people seem to think it is a great pleasure to talk with Havana, even if only to get the liquid tones of the party at the other end of the wire. It gives one the impression that there is still some liberty in the world.

It was the United States that made Cuba free and Cuba's freedom has come back to hit us in the face like a boomerang.

The new telephone connection is a great boon to the American who is lonesome. It is said that amplifiers will be connected which will allow a man on Broadway to listen to the popping of corks in the Cuban capital, and, how he will enjoy it.

But someone has suggested that, while the telephone connection is all right in its way, how much more practical would be a pipe-line.

"MUCHROX has a worried look these days. Business, I suppose."
"No; about a week ago he saw an Indian only two blocks from his house."

Rose Girls At the Ambassador



Tiny Allen in "The Rose Girl"

Alice Munroe in "The Rose Girl"

Get Your Seats Early

THE end of the world comes this year on August 3. The date has been definitely decided upon by the astrologers and prophets and hermits, and for once they agree.

Last year the end of the world didn't come until December 17, and that was a bit late on account of the weather, and everybody put up a yell because they had to sit out in the cold and wait for it.

It is thought that the August date will give more general satisfaction because it will give outsiders a chance to come to New York for the big show without physical discomfort. In December there is always a chance that the trains will be stalled.

Arrangements for the grand celebration attending the end of the world this year are progressing satisfactorily. It is expected that the city will entertain a record number of visitors. The theater managers are planning special matinees for that day.

Before the end of the world there will be a grand parade, which will pass all grand stands. The order of procession, as planned now, will be as follows:

Platoon of Police Not Under Indictment.
Souse's Band.
Chairman Volstead in Golden Chariot.
Water Wagon (Without Passengers).
Rev. Wilbur Crafts and Blue Law Committee.
Pussyfoot Johnson on Float.
Rev. John Roach Stratton and Hammer.
Enforcement Officers on Foot.
Enforcement Officers on Horseback.
Enforcement Officers who don't know whether they are afoot or horseback.
William H. Anderson, Triumphant.
Float Showing Cotton Mather Ruling New York.
Lucy Page Gaston with Horrible Example Smoking Cigarette.
Happy Citizens Marching in Platoon Formation, 16 Abreast.
(There will be one platoon.)

SANG FROID AS AN ART

TO BE ABLE to accompany a woman on a shopping tour and appear interested.

TO BE ABLE to go into a big office and stare insolently at the office boy, grin at the stenographers without a tremble, and then announce in a clear voice that you are there to see Mr. Blank.

TO BE ABLE to go into Woolworth's for any reason.

TO BE ABLE to hand a street car conductor a dollar bill without apologizing for it.

TO BE ABLE to go into a store and, after looking over half the stock, tell the salesman that you "Will call back later."

TO BE ABLE to follow your impulse and get a good long glimpse as the lady carelessly crosses her knees.

LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN

"I AM glad to see you with us tonight, Mrs. Myer. How is the husband?"—Raymond Hitchcock.

"Henry Ford is a right guy—perhaps"—Morris Gest.

"If you don't want hair, I want hair."—Dave Warfield.

"Once there was an automobile driver who ran over himself"—Ed. Wynn.

"We have with us this evening—"—Rennold Wolf.

"Cuckoo!"—Leon Erroll.

"Walk Up-stairs and save $10"—The House of Ginsberg.

"I am glad that my theater was struck by Lightnin'"—John Golden.

"If it is an unpopular law, enforce it."—Gov. Miller.

"The lid is on."—Dick Enright.

We are glad the price of clothing is coming down. It was getting so we could scarcely afford to put a button in the contribution plate on Sunday.

A lot of guys in Sing Sing didn't go crazy over Ben Franklin during Thrift Week. Ben was the one who discovered electricity.

Cable report says the Maharajah of Beloochistan has nineteen wives, which are nineteen more reasons for not wanting to be the Maharajah of Beloochistan.

For The Fashionable Woman

By BETTY GRANT



A black and white canton crêpe dress, the white front beaded with jet. A gown that can be worn for dinner or theatre

GREETINGS, everybody!

Am happy to say that I have taken over the fashion department of THE TATLER. Being a woman, I know what an important part styles play in a woman's life, so am going to give you descriptions and advice on advanced and extreme styles in a practical way. If my readers want to know where any model I describe can be obtained, I will be glad to let you know if you will write me.

This month woman's thoughts naturally turn to bathing suits.

Word reached us from Palm Beach last winter that one of the most attrac-

(*Continued on page* 24)



A gown of white crêpe Moroccan trimmed in Royal blue metal braid, the extreme simplicity being most effective

IN this issue of THE TATLER *we are pleased and privileged to present Betty Grant, who will each month have a few well-chosen words to say to those women who like to be fashionable—and what woman does not? Most fashion articles are of little value because they are not definite and practical. When you have finished them you know less, as a rule, than when you started. Miss Grant will give you tangible, concrete ideas about advanced fashions that will be worth something. As an authority in fashions she has no superior.*—ED.



A Jersey de Laine dress elaborately embroidered and beaded, an ideal walking gown. This, like the other two illustrations shown here, is distinctly Parisian, and, in this case, shows the tendency for longer skirts. Skirts in Paris are already being worn longer, a change which will be felt here in the fall

(*Continued from page* 23)

tive bathing suits seen there was made of gingham. You are inclined to say "impossible," but it's true. They are very pretty, especially one made of red and white checked gingham (silk or Anderson). The skirt is very short, while the bloomers have the tight cuff below the knee. With this is worn red stockings, high white beach shoes laced with red, white rubber cap trimmed with a red poinsetta, and a red waterproof silk cape lined with white. The outfit is stunning and really inexpensive.

Red and white are very popular this summer not only for bathing, but for morning and afternoon dresses, and also for sport wear. Red and white dotted swiss, combined with white organdie, makes a dainty dress, while red chamois duvetyn makes a wonderfully effective sport coat to be worn with figured white satin skirts.

Another effective sport suit is a white accordion pleated canton crêpe skirt with a jade green canton crêpe Russian over-blouse, beaded in Russian design with white beads.

I was told by one of our most exclusive establishments that the really well-dressed women will wear mostly georgette, canton crêpes, satin and taffeta this summer. Organdie and linen will, of course, be worn some, but not so much as last year.

Silk poplins are also very popular. Baronet satin is holding its own. A sport suit of pink baronet embroidered in gray and lined with gray satin is very pretty.

Tweed suits for sport wear are very stylish and serviceable. Blue tweed coat and skirt piped with tan is being shown.

Skirts, by the way, are going to remain short for street wear. Evening dresses are much longer, but I do not think street dresses will be lengthened until fall.

For afternoon wear a little frock of black taffeta made with a real lace front and trimmed with clusters of colored leather fruit is simple and adorable.

Leghorn hats are very much in evidence. All seem to have streamers of black velvet ribbon or ones made of silk to match the facing. But streamers there must be. Even the small hats have them. A very pretty hat is made of small pleated taffeta ruffles either in pink or white. The shape is rolled brim.

The wide flat-brimmed sailor hats are being displayed, also hats of shiny pressed straw, called "copeaux cires," in bright colors.

Although the dresses are extremely plain, there are a great many little accessories that add the desired effect, such as the new organdie flowers in clusters or streamers. Taffeta and faille flowers are also used, especially on simple, straight-line evening gowns.

The new sweater has a high, round neck, with which is worn a Buster Brown collar. As with most everything else, the colors are very gay and are worn with white flannel skirts, side pleated, and banded with narrow bands of colored flannel to match the sweater. The silk filet sweater has lost much in favor for beach and country wear.

A Few Eventide Poses



(C) Hoppe

Kathlene Martyn as the sleeping beauty, Marion Davies at vespers, and Dorothy Gish by candle light

Man's Estate

HE arrives at his office at ten o'clock —somewhat later than usual owing to the fact that he went several blocks out of his way to follow a pretty girl.

He sits down at his desk and lights his after-breakfast cigar.

Through the curling blue smoke he observes his stenographer.

She is wearing gray pumps instead of tan ones, he notices.

This morning's skirt is two inches shorter than yesterday's, he calculates.

He opens his mail.

He dictates a letter.

This morning's shirt-waist is ten per cent more peekaboo than yesterday's, he computes.

He dictates another letter.

The shorter skirt is more becoming, he decides.

He dictates another letter.

He invites his stenographer out to lunch.

* * *

He returns to the office at two-thirty.

He lights his second after-luncheon cigar.

He sits down at his desk.

Through the curling blue smoke he thinks over the luncheon.

She made a snappy appearance in the restaurant, he recalls.

Several men at near-by tables gave him envious looks.

He wonders how she would look in an evening gown.

He dictates a letter.

She has nice hair.

He dictates another letter.

Funny he never noticed before what nice hair she has.

He imagines her in an evening gown.

He locks his desk, jumps into his motor, and runs out to the links for a game of golf before dinner.

He plays a rotten game, however, because all the time he is wondering how much evening gowns cost.

—— And ALL DAY LONG there is a neatly framed little card up over his desk, and it says:

"THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!"

DURING THE GREAT DROUGHT

THE home-brewer's best motto: Jug not that ye be not jugged.

The saloons are not selling any more, but some of them are selling just as much.

Two-step hootch is the sort where you step in and have a drink and then step out and get pinched.

Pussyfoot Johnson says New York will be dry in three years but it takes about three years to find a drink now.

One detective from the inspector's office can create more excitement than ten enforcement agents from Washington.

Broadway's slogan: Dump it in the sink, boys, the dicks are upon us.

One genius found that a fountain pen will hold one drink. He filled up his pen but forgot and wrote a letter with it. What happened to the receiver of the letter has not been reported. Doubtless, however, he will try to keep up the correspondence.

In a year or two it will be practical to build houses without cellars.

The nineteenth hole is now the most difficult shot on the links.

TATLER'S DEFINITIONS

DECOLLETE: Low and behold.

Stage Hand: A bird with no illusions.

Spring Fever: An ailment most people have all year round.

Optimist: Bartender who keeps up his dues in the bartenders' union.

Lamb Stew: Something that they don't get at that club any more.

Coward: Woman who is afraid to dip her bread in the gravy when she is alone.

Title Writer: Guy who makes the picture a success and gets no credit.

Income Tax: The only kind a barefoot dancer is not afraid of stepping on.

Scenario: Several sheets of paper containing a plot that is never followed.

Boob: Guy who waits outside a stage door.

Switch Board: A board upon which actresses hang their hair.

Author: Poor fish who furnishes nothing but the play.

Gin Fizz: White soda pop with a squirt of seltzer.

Volstead: A guy who will never run for mayor of New York.

When They Look At You Wistful Like



Annette Bade in the Ziegfeld Frolic

Edward Thayer Munroe



Helen Henderson in "Sally"

Old Masters Studio



Ethel Clayton in pictures

Edward Thayer Munroe

OUR QUESTIONS DEPT.

Q. When is Prohibition going into effect?

A. How old is Ann?

Q. How many screen stars refuse to tell their right ages?

A. More than that.

Q. When was Lillian Russell born?

A. At 2 o'clock in the morning.

Q. Is there any way to tell good hooch from bad?

A. Drink it. If it's good, you'll live to tell it.

Q. How many barbers are there on Broadway?

A. Enough.

Q. How long will "Lightnin'" run?

A. As long as a piece of string.

Q. Why does Fatty Arbuckle wear suspenders?

A. Mt. Everest is the highest mountain in the world.

Q. How many young women want to be screen stars?

A. Consult the last census.

Q. What is the best way to spend a dull evening?

A. Try to get somebody on the phone.

Q. Is the law against gambling being enforced?

A. Have you seen a five-legged horse lately?

Q. Name the members of the Cabinet.

A. Charles E. Hughes.

Q. What's the safest way to get downtown?

A. Stay there and don't go home at all.

Q. What's New York's favorite dance?

A. The Hylan Fling.

Q. Who killed Joe Elwell?

A. The party who shot him.

MAN AND SNOW

MAN is like the snow. He comes to the earth pure and white. At this early period he can touch a strange damsel on the cheek and no offense is taken.

When he comes he is received with joy in some places; in other places his arrival causes annoyance—it depends upon how much of him has arrived before.

At first he is referred to as "beautiful," but after a bit the world begins to make him less presentable. He is trampled on, swept aside, and often thrown into the gutter. He has been known to run off to sea.

He is often "balled up" and cast into strange places. He comes in contact with all sorts of people. Upon his face is the imprint of what the world has done to him. It is mostly in the waste regions that he remains untrampled upon and unsullied. Winds blow him hither and yon.

Housewives hate to see him come into a clean house. When in a melting mood he is apt to become sloppy, and when he thaws many things are revealed.

At Christmas time it is more cheerful to have him around than at any other, and he is expected to be present to make possible a proper observance of the season.

He freezes on to many an object, both private and public, and force is often necessary to remove him. Sometimes he is slippery and will throw you down. In cities he blocks traffic, and is not so well thought of as he is in localities where he is less numerous.

And at the last he returns whence he came.

IT SEEMS TO US THAT—

It costs more now to dress a woman from her shoulders to her knees than it used to cost to dress her from her neck to her feet.

Life is a tough game, but you can make it a whole lot tougher if you try.

There are more girls named after the month of May than any other month except June. The Junes all name themselves.

There was a man in our town and he was most unwise. He introduced his sweetheart to a lot of other guys.

I'll bet Prof. Einstein, who wrote the Theory of Relativity, couldn't figure out the relativity which exists between some vaudeville actors and their lady partners.

48th Street Theatre East of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE OUTSTANDING HIT OF THE SEASON

The BROKEN WING

SEE THE CRASHING AEROPLANE

Three Rollicking Rolin Comedy Girls



Lilymae Wilkinson

Jean Hope

Del Lorice

Will B'way Be a Melon Patch?

FOR some time past we have been hearing a good deal of melancholy alcohol. Now we have the alcoholic melon.

It is understood, from various sources that Longacre Square will be plowed up soon and planted to a certain variety of melon just invented by a western genius. It is understood, also that several of the roof gardens will also be seeded down to this luscious fruit.

The new watermelon contains 10 per cent. of alcohol and when a person eats a piece of one, he immediately becomes imbued with that old Broadway feeling which caused poor men to become rich in ten minutes and back new musical shows.

The genius, who at present is living in Colorado, will doubtless be prevailed upon to come east. When the watermelon is almost full blown, he "plugs" it, or in other words cuts a piece out of the hide, deftly inserts a cake of specially prepared yeast, which works upon the sugar in the melon and then seals the melon up again. When it is ripe, one piece of it will give a round-shouldered bookkeeper enough courage to go up and kick a traffic cop on the shin. It will give a vaudeville strong-man enough courage to marry a chorus girl.

There will also be a great possibility for Broadway merchants in the sale of watermelon seeds. It is said on good authority that it will be possible to carry a vest-pocket full of these seeds and munch them without being observed and the result is highly edifying, to say the least.

But there will be one drawback. It will be exceedingly difficult to carry a watermelon on the hip without being discovered.

It will also be difficult to eat more than four or five pieces of watermelon between acts.

A DIME'S WORTH OF ROMANCE

THE man who wanted a divorce from his wife because she read so many dime novels didn't know how lucky he really was.

All wives want romance, but most of them aren't contented with a dime's worth.

They usually prefer to take their romance out in Paris creations, instead of love stories.

Instead of the paper backs of romance, they demand the greenbacks of the U. S. government.

Women are peculiar creatures, and they all demand romance. Even the wife of a plumber will have her pipe dream, now and then.

Husbands, on the other hand, seldom retain the bloom of romance long after marriage. Perhaps it gets rubbed off in the subway during the rush hours, or maybe it is chipped off by millinery and butcher bills, which begin to arrive at the beginning of the first month of matrimony.

And when a woman can't get enough romance in a large parcel, such as a husband, she has to content herself with a dime's worth.

We see no harm in dime-novel reading, so long as the privilege is not abused. Dime novels may be taken between meals, or just before going to bed, without serious results.

No woman should try to broil a steak and read a dime novel at the same time. Burning passion does not go well with burning porterhouse.

Owing to the high cost of living, a small steak now costs a large fortune. Also owing to the high cost of living, a dime novel costs $1.75.

HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE—

A COMMUTER who misses his train.

A disappointed home-brewer.

A vaudeville actor who doesn't get a "hand."

A hobo who doesn't get a "hand-out."

A crook who doesn't make a "haul."

A boarding-house keeper who runs short on prunes.

A man who can't find the keyhole.

A woman who can't get into society.

A woman who is cheated out of her share of the neighborhood gossip.

A man who is cheated out of his share of the neighborhood hooch.

Three Popular Screen Queens



Martha Mansfield

Anita Stewart

Mary Miles Minter

(C) *Hoppe*

Jazz Philosophy

By W. R. Hoefer

THE annual epidemic of school graduates is upon us. The nation's Seat of Learning is again breaking out in its yearly rash of diplomas and degrees and the vociferous valedictorian is again in our midst, exuding more noise than a flat wheeled trolley with a full consignment of discursive Bolsheviks.

Great is the valedictorian. He has more canned Info parked under his ceiling than Mr. Brittanica poured into his Encyclopedia. The slogan, "I'll tell the world," fits him like the tights on a frankfurter and he's as full of text book dope as a Mack Sennett Bathing Suit is of Shape. Right now he's as busy as a tin-canned canine with a complete set of fleas.

In this Commencement Effusion he exhales a lungful of Wisdom on "The Evolution of Man," carelessly shuffles the "Einstein Theory of Relativity" before dealing openers on, "Psychology and the Universe" and then steps on the gas and busts the mental speed limit wide open with an earful of Sage Chatter on, "What's Wrong with the World." And as his advice leaks over the learned assemblage his admiring friends fervently utter the high-brow slang for, "You Tell 'em, Kid," and ease you the tip-off that he's a Remarkable Youth with all the world ahead of him. And we'll say they're correct. The old world *is* ahead of him. Such a long way, in fact, that unless he lets Practice pinch-hit for Theory papa will have to keep on buying his raiment and cigarettes and continue to settle his board-bill while he settles the theory of the Law of Compensation.

He can tell Dad who inscribed the ancient hieroglyphics in the reign of King Whoozis the First in Egypt but Pop knows darned well who inscribed the modern checks that kept Son from expiring of malnutrition in college. He can locate the newest astral body in the stellar firmament and make Dad look like the High Chief Dumb-bell of the Ancient Order of Simps in an intellectual bout on the Squaring of the Circle; but he finds that locating a thirty dollar a week job and squaring his tailor bill is something else again.

And the female of the species is as wondrous as the male. The Sweet Girl Graduate has more profundity beneath her mortar-board than a political meeting has bunk but frequently her knowledge of cooking is as limited as the tail of a Boston bull-pup and sometimes as absent as Justice in a Court of law. She can serve you up a well done oration on, "Woman's Sphere in Modern Culture," with "Feminine Supremacy in the Cosmic Urge" on the side, but four months later when she becomes the Better Half of a Mere Man she's apt to sprinkle bitter tears all over her diploma as he crudely inquires where she learned to boil such awful potatoes and rudely asks what makes the steak taste like Real Sole Leather seasoned with Tannic Acid.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE TATLER published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William Mendelssohn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE TATLER, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—The Tatler Publishing Corporation, 1819 B'way, New York City. Editor—Walter E. Colby, 1819 B'way, New York City. Managing Editor—Walter E. Colby, 1819 B'way, New York City. Business Manager—William Mendelssohn, 1819 B'way, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Tatler Publishing Corporation, 1819 B'way, New York City; Mr. Henry Waterson, 1571 B'way, New York City; Mr. Walter E. Colby, 1819 B'way, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgagees, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM MENDELSSOHN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1921.

[Seal] May H. Irwin.

(My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

Certificate filed in New York County. Clerk's No. 24, Register's No. 2026.

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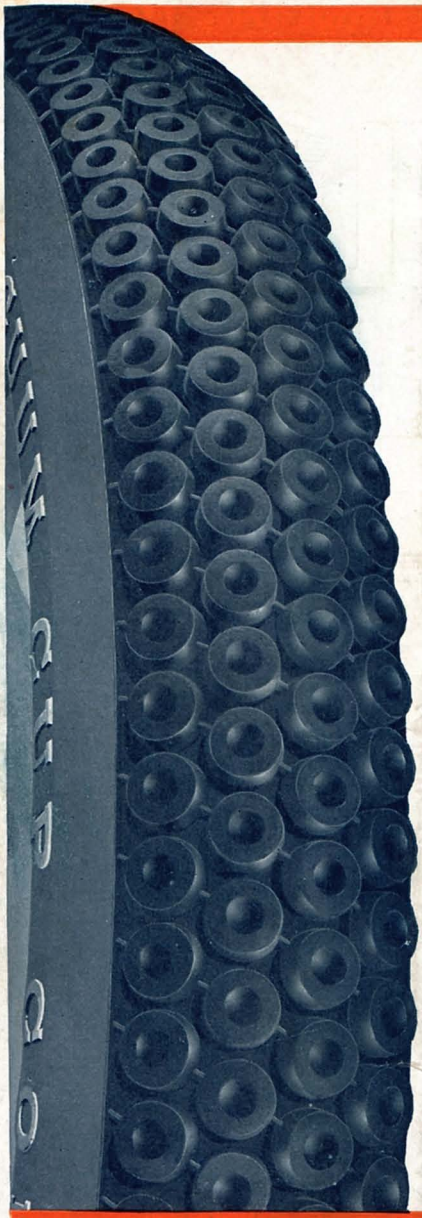
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